TOM THUMB's FOLIO;

OR, A

Penny Plaything

FOR

LITTLE GIANTS:

AN ABSTRACT OF THE LIFE OF

MR. THUME,

AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE

Wonderful Deeds he Performed.

YORK:
Printed by J. Kendrew Colliergate.

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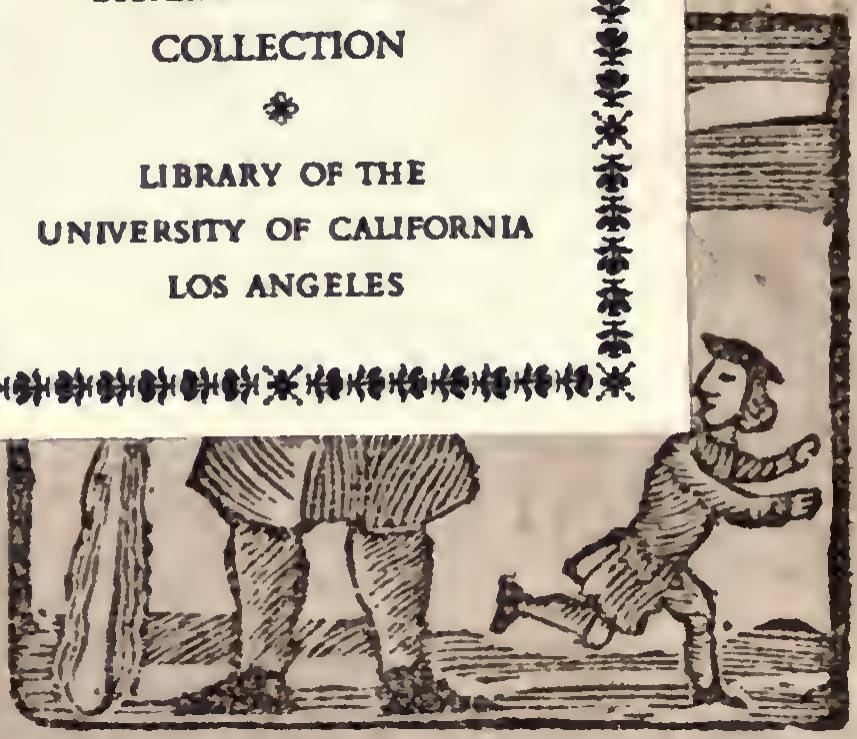

Tom Thumb's Maxim in Trade and Politics.

He who buys this book for a penny, and lays it up till it is worth twopence, may get an hundred per cent. that is, one half by the bargain; but let him take care that he gets money honestly, for he that cheats another cheats himself, and instead of gaining shall lose double.

There is no treasure like honesty, and no gain like a good conscience.

TOM THUMB's FOLIO;

OR, A NEW

PENNY PLAY-THING,

FOR

LITTLE GIANTS:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN ABSTRACT OF THE LIFE OF

MR. THUMB,

AND AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE

Wonderful Deeds he Performed.

York:
Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

Roman Capital and Small Letters.

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CHAP. I.

The Life of Tom Thumb.

Mr. Thomas Thumb was the son of Mr. Theophilus Thumb, of Thumb Hall, in Northumberland. He was born in the very year in which Sir Walter Raleigh lost his life for serving his country, in which people were so frightened that they have not cared to enter into that service since.

At the time of his birth the sun was eclipsed; which 'tis supposed, stinted his growth, and made him almost invisible. His father was greatly disconcerted at having such a little tiny toy of a child, and his mother too forgot her duty, and took but little

notice of him, till a learned gentleman looked at him through a great pair of spectacles, and told the parents, that he would be a very little man, and a very great man; which is a paradox or riddle, we are to resolve by-and-by.

When his father heard this, he took him upon his little finger, and chirped to him, as a boy does to a bird: and his mother wrapped him up in a piece of cotton, put him into a thimble instead of a cradle, and carried him about in her warm pocket.

CHAP. II.

How Tom became a greater Man than his Mother.

BEFORE we attempt to prove this we must enquire what makes a great man. Is it a great head? No. Is it a long leg? No. Is it a big body? No. Is it a large leg? No. But I'll tell you what it is, it is a wise head and a good heart that constitutes a great man. It is wisdom and virtue, and that only, which can make us great and happy. A great brute, or a great bear, or a great blockhead, may be made by other means; but a great man cannot be formed without wisdom and virtue, which are the only two sources of honour and esteem, and will always make us beloved and admired.

This was said by the gentleman with the great pair of spectacles, to Tom's father, who immediately bought for his son all Mr. KENDREW's little penny and halfpenny books, having been informed that they were published with no other view, but to make people wise and good; and Tom read from the beginning to the end, first one volume then another, till he had made himself master of the whole.

CHAP. III.

Such is the Father, such is the Son.

AS Tom's father had been at London, served in the Train-Bands, and performed many feats of valour, both

in White-chapel and Bunhill-fields, he would have his son become a warrior also. In which, I think, he was to blame; for one of his figure would have made a better physician, as his diminutive size might permit him to slide down a patient's throat, and see what was the matter within, for want of which intelligence such great mistakes are often made, that those who would get the better of a disorder, frequently die of the doctor. Tom, however, was to be a warrior, and therefore his mother made him a sword of a small needle, a helmet of a hazel nut-shell, and a coat of mail of a mouse's ear; of which he was so fond, that he always went armed, and on that account the neighbours first called him Captain Thumb, then Colonel Thumb, and at last he obtained the name of General.

CHAP. IV.

A sad Disaster.

THE great people, as well as the little, are subject to misfortunes, from which neither arms nor honours can protect them. Goody Thumb being one day in a hurry, and unable to dress any thing for her son's dinner, gave him a piece of hog's sweetbread, and bid him carry it to the bake-house to be dressed. Tom put it on his head, and as he was trudging along, a rogue of a raven, who had been long about the village, and was half-tame and half-wild, mistaking both Tom and his meat for a piece of carrion, trussed him up in his claws, and flew with him to the nest, where he and his black sweet-heart soon despatched the meat, but left poor

Tom, laid along by the side of their eggs, in a terrible fright, and almost perished with hunger. Tom's wit, however, soon relieved him from his distress; for, perceiving that both the ravens were flown to the next tree, and were there gossiping with others of their companions, he slily run his sword into one of the ravens' eggs, on that side which lay downwards, and

clapping his mouth to the place, he sucked it, and made a most delicious repast.

CHAP. V.

How Tom travelled down the Tree, and what happened to him on the Road.

AFTER a few days, Tom saw with concern, that his stock of food greatly decreased, and that when all the eggs were done he should be in danger of starving; and every one knows it must be a sad thing to be starved upon the top of such a high tree, he therefore watched every opportunity of making his escape; and one day, when there was but one egg left, and the ravens were gone out for food, he

put the egg in his pocket opposite the sword side, and clambering over the nest, let himself down from branch to branch, till the bark of the tree became rough enough for him to lay hold of it, and then clung by degress down the body, but in his progress he had like to have been overset, for the side where the egg lay was abundantly too heavy for the other, and almost weighed him down. Tired and fatigued, however, he at last came to a large limb, where there was a squirrel's nest, and there he crept in for shelter, and took up his lodging for that night.

The young squirrels liked his company very well; but when old Goody Scugg came home she seemed very angry, and as Gaffer Scugg entered the door told him what had happened. Old Scugg bounced about a good

deal; but when he saw Tom pull the egg out of his pocket, and found that he did not intend to feast on their food, he became easy, and they all sat down and supped together.

In the morning Tom arose with the sun, as every good boy should do, and having kissed the young squirrels, he set out on his journey, travelling still on the rough bark till almost night: when, as it rained very hard, he crept for shelter into a wren's nest. The poor wren was very much alarmed on seeing so formidable a fellow enter her dwelling, which was then full of young ones; and as Tom had too much humility to disturb a whole family and make them miserable, he left the poor distressed mother, and took up his lodging on a bough under the nest, where he was well sheltered from the rain.

Again in the morning he set out with the sun, and travelling hard, arrived at the bottom of the tree about noon, where he was attacked by an humble bee, with whom he fought a most desperate battle. What the drone took him for, it is hard to say, but he perched on a shrub by the root of the tree, raised his gristly beard, and attacked our hero full in the face. Tom received the blow with that undauntedness which true courage can only inspire, and drawing his sword, returned the blow with the most intrepid resolution. Those, and those only, who have read Homer's battles, or the history of ancient tournaments, can form to themselves a just idea of the conflict, and tell how the thunder of their arms re-echoed from the distant hills. Tom was victorious, he slew the bee, which to

him appeared dreadful as a dragon, and was fanning himself with the flap of his coat, when 'Squire Bugle, one of his father's friends, rode by from hunting. Tom hailed him, but the 'squire was at too great a distance to hear him; however, one of the hounds which Tom knew, making up to him, he laid hold of his ear, sprung upon his back, and rode home to his disconsolate father and mother, who received him with joy.

CHAP. VI.

A great Action.

IT has been observed, and with great truth, that historians, and the biographers, or writers of lives, are

generally partial, and lean to the one side or other, as they are influenced by party or have been prejudiced by education! but we are above all this! while we have the actions of others, under consideration we are to behave as citizens of the world, and pay no particular regard to any party, persuasion nor country whatsoever. And this we intend as an apology for our presuming to relate the following exploit of Tom Thumb, without declaring whether he was a whig or a tory. It is impossible that both these may be good, though it has been maliciously said, that one of them put nothing in a box for the other to find it. But leaving all party and folly to madmen and fools, let us proceed with our history.

Tom Thumb's reputation being firmly established at home, he deter-

mined to travel into foreign parts, to see if he could find a nation where there were more fools than in his own. He was for a long time doubtful what part he should first visit. He consulted his friends on this occasion, who generally advised him to sail to the kingdom of cuckoos. He took their advice in part, but not in the whole, for knowing that a ship would be a long time sailing to that very distant country, and considering, at the same time, that a philosopher might travel without baggage, and live upon his brains, he placed himself in a bird's nest, at a time when the cuckoos were hoarse, and about to leave the country, and laying hold of a strong one, which came to suck the eggs, he mounted on its back, and rode through the air and over the seas at a surprising rate.

We must observe that Tom, like a dutiful child, consulted both his father and mother about his method of travelling, who objected to it, and said, that nothing could be learned by flying through a country. As much, quoth Tom, as by galloping through a country, which is the modern mode of travelling: and therefore after kissing them and receiving their blessing, he set off.

He had comforted and fed the cuckoo, as well as he could, with a powder which his mother put into his pocket to serve him as food; but the poor bird grew so weak, at the time they arrived in his own country, that he fell down; and our hero, by endeavouring to save himself, plunged into a large mess of milk porridge, which was intended for the Giant

Grumbo, who was then king of the country. The Giant muttered a few words with a growl, which made the vallies ring, it was so loud and dreadful; and then taking Mr. Thumb up in his spoon, threw him out of the bowl, but not till Tom had first taken a sup or two of the porridge. He lay for some time by the Giant's leg, where he observed all his actions; and finding that he pulled bread out of his pocket to crumb his mess, Tom slily crept up his coat as he was sitting down, and got into his pocket, where he feasted himself for several days, taking care, whenever the Giant put his hand in his pocket, to hide behind his snuff-box; and whenever the Giant slept, Tom got liquor out of his can. In the course of his residence there, Tom grew so hardy that he would frequently peep

out of the Giant's pocket when he found him about a bad action, and after giving him a goad with his sword, would boldly call out, sirrah! what are you at there, sirrah? and then pop in his head, and hide behind the snuff-box as usual. The Giant not only missed his bread, but found something instead thereof, which he did not like; for Tom who had conveyed all the food among the folds of the linings, where he had room to range, made use of the pocket for another purpose, which was not altogether fair, but he could not help it.

Tom continued in this situation till he had discovered the Giant's disposition, which he found to be very bad; for he had a heavy head and a hard heart, he was proud, selfish, surly, and so tyrannical and cruel, that his subjects were afraid to come near him.

Tom knew there would be no travelling the country with safety, till he had broken the spirit of this turbulent Giant, and reduced him to better manners; he therefore would never suffer him to rest, but whenever he began to sleep pricked him with his little sword, so that after some time, he was so weak for want of rest, that he could not walk.

He kept him in this state till he had learned the language of the country; and then, as he lay in bed, Tom got upon his breast, and thus addressed him, "Are you inclined, oh Grumbo, to live or die; if you would live, you must take my advice, and behave with humanity and kindness to all your subjects and to me; but if you would rather die than be good, do so, for nobody will be sorry for you." The Giant, who had never seen Tom before

but in his mess of porridge, trembled with amazement; and thinking that he fell from the moon to punish his iniquities, begged that he might live to make amends for his bad behaviour. Then sleep, says Tom, and I will see you again. So from this time Tom left of goading him with his little sword, and he soon recovered. After this he was fond of Mr. Thumb, and would do nothing without him; so that Tom had, in a manner, the whole direction of the kingdom, and made the people happy, by a fair and equal distribution of justice, and for that purpose he rode in pomp in a coach drawn by ten squirrels, all round the kingdom, and wrote a particular account of the country and the inhabitants, their laws, customs, and manners; which we are told, will soon be revised and published. To avoid

putting the inhabitants to any expence on his journey, he carried his provisions with him in a coach, as travellers do in Spain, and ordered his squirrels to draw him every night up a tree, where they all lodged safely, and without either trouble or expence.

In this journey, Tom sat as judge in most places he came to, and commanded the criminals, and those who had quarrelled, to come before him, that he might try the one and decide the differences of the other, without favour or affection. Among the causes I remember a rich man was brought before him and accused of not giving any relief to the poor in the late hard season. Upon which, Tom ordered him to eat out of the hutch, among his own hogs, till his head and heart were humanized, and he had learned to feel the misfortunes of others.

On his return to court, he was admired and applauded both by king and people, for they had all heard of his wise and good behaviour in the country; and Grumbo made him a present of a shamsham of gold, and gave him his daughter in marriage; who though she was a giantess, loved little Tom, and always carried him about in her bosom; nor is it a wonder, for we find the Patagonian women were fond of our sailors, though they were not half so big as their own countrymen.

Tom lived happily with his gigantic wife for many years, and then died, greatly lamented both by king and people, who erected a splendid monument to his memory.

In compiling the history of Tom Thumb, we forgot to mention one circumstance, which gave the Giant king and all his court a great inclination to become acquainted with letters and modern learning.

There was at this time in the cuckoo court, a natural philosopher, who never knew the use of letters, yet was wise and ingenious; him Mr. Thumb taught to read and write, in order that he might correspond with him when he travelled; and, on a certain time, when he had occasion to visit the extreme parts of his father's kingdoms, with his wife the princess, who was then big with child, he took some pigeons with him, which had been bred by this philosopher, in order to convey the most speedy intelligence to his father's court of what might happen to them on the journey. Now

it came to pass, that when they were ninety-five thousand miles from home, his princess was brought to bed of two bouncing boys, nine hundred times as big as himself; upon which he despatched a pigeon with a note tied round her leg, directed to his friend the philosopher, to inform his father of that important affair. Domine Doodle, for that was the philosopher's name, carried it immediately to the king, and told him that his daughter was brought to bed of Gog and Magog, two great princes. Where are they? said the Giant, greatly rejoiced at the event. Ninety-five thousand miles off, answered the philosopher.

And how came you by the news? said his majesty. From that great prince Tom Thumb himself, replied the other, and threw the letter on the table.

The king was greatly astonished, and taking up the letter, surveyed it, but could not understand a syllable, nor did he believe a word that was said to him; but thinking it an imposition, he gave such an angry roar, that he shook all the glass out of the windows. However, he despatched nineteen fleet horsemen, ten chariots, twenty trumpeters, and a kettle drummer to enquire into the affair; and finding it true, and seeing the princess enter the palace soon after with Gog in one arm and Magog in the other, and Tom Thumb dancing a jig before them, he was both delighted and surprised; and taking Mr. Thumb on his little finger, he asked him how it was possible to talk to his friends, and make himself understood, at the distance of ninety-five thousand miles. Tom let him

into the whole affair, which gave his majesty such an high opinion of letters and learning, that he desired Mr. Thumb would draw up some lessons for his instruction.

THE END.

On a pretty bay nag
Here comes Tommy Tag,
Who ne'er knew deceit,
Nor would lie nor would cheat;
But was honest and good,
As all of you should; [did advise,
And listen'd and learn'd when his friend
And so became wealthy, and happy,
and wise.

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